



## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

By his own good, though I could have wished I felt a surer this was the fact. Her fondness for flirting with you matters you so much that you'd run the risk of losing the girl you care for, just for the sake of having that precious vanity of yours pleasantly tickled, as her apparent fancy for me is.

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CHAPTER IX.

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The greatest progress in the navy has been in target practise. It has been due to carefully conducted competitions, where ship has been pitted

Uncle Treetop on his way to the artist's office)—"Most likely it'll stop aching by the time I get in the chair. It does, I'll pretend I've made a mistake and tell him I want a haircut."

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Smiled at the Man Bending Over It.

that he had a weak heart. A crowd gathered. Just then somebody said the depot was on fire. He fled about it, but his object was praiseworthy, and he was not without the excitement, and he certainly did.

Young Aunt Ethel was impetuous and excitable. Down went baby on a vacant seat, and away rushed the

its bold-faced abductor.

The police had no case. The case they appeared to be, after explanations had been made, was between Miss Ethel and Mr. Ashley. It was a case of adultery, yes, but it has been settled, for Paris will be one of the continental cities visited during the coming summer.

Such a lack of consistency and continuity is, of course, ruinous to a well-considered plot. Clearly, there is always the risk that stated vengeance may produce a revulsion of feeling and

and down the big depot. They found plenty of babies, but not the baby wanted. After twenty minutes of the greatest anxiety, and after Miss Ethel had pointed out the spot ten times

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**Politics and Cucumbers.**  
 "And what," asked a visitor to the North Dakota state fair, "do you call that kind of cucumber?"  
 "That," replied a Fargo politician, "is the insurgent cucumber. It doesn't always agree with a party."—*Every-*